The River and the Lotus

Dipabhasadhamma

From quiet heights, the stream unfolds,
Gentle threads through open molds.
Moving with ease, untouched, aware,
Each moment held, beyond compare.

Life reveals its ceaseless way,
Where stones arise and waters stray.
Each bend a challenge, each turn unknown,
River shifts, no path its own.

Through swirling depths, it twists and bends,
Seeking balance that never ends.
Surface churns, its course unsure,
Yet still it flows, quiet and pure.

Delta spreads, an open field,
Where waters soften, tensions yield.
Where currents pause, their striving done,
A restless journey to stillness run.

Amidst stillness, a seed takes root,
In silt-rich soil, where waters dilute.

A tender stem, a fragile bloom,
A lotus rises from the gloom.

Unstained by mud, its petals unfold,
A radiant gift in colors bold.
Yet even beauty, in time, will wane,
Its petals fall, its form remains.

For all that flows will one day fade,
Its form dispersed, its shape unmade.
Yet in the lotus, a truth takes hold,
A cycle of life, profound and bold.

It blooms, it fades, and so renews,
A flow of all that life imbues.
A mirrored dance of stream and flower,
A fleeting form in every hour.

A river shows, for those who see,
A quiet law: impermanency.
Release, allow the stream, let go,
To move unbound by thought or dream.

A lotus lives where waters rest,
A symbol soft of life's own quest.
Teaching not to grasp or claim,
For what we are returns the same.